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the splendor of the unearthly palaces through which his imagination daily walks? Will he give up the materials from which he constructs these—gold of the sunset, marble of the clouds, silver of the starlight, gems of the dew and waterfall, draperies of intangible mists and inexpressibly lovely shadows, spray and foliage, with all the delight which they give and the beauty which they suggest—for the brown stone mansion of the millionaire? Will he not say that his day and his night dreams, his fancies, his earnest aspirations after the pure and true, his deep sympathy with the heart of humanity, his mighty store of lore, his keen delight in all that is fair, his broad and boundless realm of feeling and imagination, where angels walk, and visitants, more beautiful than flowers, linger to smile upon him—will he not say that these are beyond price—a wealth which he has inherited from the Father in Heaven?

The scholar and the scientific man—will they measure their pleasures along with those of the sensualist and the epicure? Yet, for what nobler purpose are the most of these fortunes acquired, than for indulgence in good eating, good drinking, rich clothes, a showy house, and for the means of rivalry, arrogance, and ostentation?

A good fortune, well spent upon objects of real merit, upon works of Art, the cultivation of the mind and soul, upon the poor, the sick, and upon the struggling men of talent, upon the advancement of science and general intelligence, is a desirable thing. But how few acquire money for such purposes!

Take heart, you who belong *not* to the throng of the vulgar "great!" Re-consider your fortunes, and see if you have not cause for true thankfulness. Press not on so madly for the glittering payment. Do you not see how you trample out the flowers by the wayside? Why will you be so unmindful of their fragrance upon the air, and of the blue heaven over your heads?

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It has been truly said, that the most splendid and interesting productions of Nature and Art, are, in fact, the common property of all mankind. The poorest laborer has an actual interest in the best part of his wealthy neighbor's estate. The glories of ocean, earth, and sky, belong to all able to enjoy them.

POWER OF DEFORMITY.



E descanted upon the Power of Beauty in a late number of the JOURNAL—why should we not also give place to illustrations of the Power of Deformity? Surely, there *is* power in the attribute, else there is no truth in repulsions, and inharmonious social ordinances, and physical deviations from the general order existent in Nature. Aesthetically considered, the negative quality of deformity admits of very many *per contra*, some of which we shall take a future occasion to suggest; but, practically regarded, we have too much proof of the positive character of the attribute, to doubt our senses. Let us seek a few homely illustrations:

There was a time when leg-of-mutton sleeves, huge bonnets, and high heels, were considered the height of beauty. Are they so now? Let a lady appear in the costume of our mothers, and the cry would immediately be raised, "absurd!" "monstrous!" "ugly!" "deformed!" And this, when balloon-skirts and pigmy milliner-shops for the head are all the style! Ten years hence, let a woman appear in the dress of to-day, and who doubts of the hoot (possibly, *whoop!*) with which she would be greeted? Bustles, as big as dromedary sacks, were the rage a few years, and were called "beautiful," though sensible people did say, if God had created woman with a natural excrescence as big as the fashionable appendage, she would have shrunk from society with the instinct of a deformed creature. Ah! it is all in the "public taste" in these *minor* matters, as social economists are pleased to call such changes in our likes and dislikes; and beauty and deformity are merely convenient words to express what is "in style," and what is not. It must be owned such an interpretation is a sad perversion of terms.

But down deep in our souls is a sense that appreciates relations and attributes with an intuition which, after all, guides us in our more serious moods; and to its impulses we owe much of our present happiness and future glory. It is the power, not only to discover good and evil, beauty and deformity, but to trace their

relationships, and to appropriate as much of each as will serve to give individuality to our character, and make up the record of our lives. This faculty of appropriation is called *taste*; but the word has too little significance applied to the idiosyncrasies of character, and our language needs some term to express that combination of likes and dislikes, of active qualities and generic affinities, which marks and distinguishes man from man.

A friend of ours has a picture—a face only. It is marked, and scarred, and lined, until it is hard to discern what was the original expression of the features. "That is a bad face," says one. "Monstrous!" says another. "Why do you have it here?" says a third. "Because I like to look at and to study it," says the genial, loving man to whom the portrait belongs. His visitors go away with the impression that his taste is very *outré* and morbid. But our friend is right. The very deformity of these features has a history, from which the close student will not fail to read of terrible hand-to-hand combats, sabre strokes, and bullet wounds; the lines around the mouth and eyes have another history, wherein may be read a loving heart, genial soul, mind fitted for intense enjoyment; while over all is cast the veil of a great sorrow, which gives distance and awe to the picture. That man was a loving father, blest with a peaceful fireside, which the enemy invaded—the mother was ravished, and died, and the house was consumed with the incendiary torch. The father's soul was aroused to its most terrible emotions, and he vowed an Avenger's service to his country. Ah! the deeds of fury that heart and that hand wrought in the hour of battle. Men looked on in wonder and admiration, and honors fell fast upon the soldier, which he thankfully received; for did they not give him more power to wreak revenge. A general's baton at length was placed in his hands, and yet he rode to battle, leading his columns. Upon his last charge he sent the words, "Home! Wife! Children!" along the ranks, and the talisman nerved those hearts of steel to deeds of wondrous valor on that day. The noble father fell in the front of battle, and was borne, mortally wounded, to his tent. As he sat up in bed, with his torn plumes and besmeared garments around him, the artist caught his features, now lit up by a joy which an eagle must feel as it reaches

its eyrie to die. There is something sublime in that face, marked as it is ; and he who sees it not, himself is deformed.

Study closely every line that is not the line of beauty, every shade that is apparently too deep in hue, every expression which is caught ; study the *language* of the work, ere you pronounce hasty judgment upon it : for the very deformity you detect may have in it more sublime thought than ten thousand beauties could reproduce.

The character of "Jane Eyre" (CHARLOTTE BRONTE), as drawn in outline by Mrs. Gaskell's book, is one to command attention. There stands the frail woman upon the desolate height of Haworth, surrounded by graves, with a background of moors of inexpressible loneliness stretching away into the shadowy distance. The people of the village are wild, rude, and crime-loving; their pastor, Mr. BRONTE, is as strange as his flock, and his children grow up under no pupilage but that of their own highly-endowed natures and the associations which the wild spot offered. Then comes in, for the filling to the picture, that fearful family history—years of the most excruciating suffering, bodily and mental, to the three patient, proud, wonderfully-endowed sisters, who—with-out a mother, with a cold and stern father who offered little companionship for his children, with a brother of the most brilliant promise, blighted by remorse, and finally filling a drunkard's grave—thought and studied, and beat the wings of their spirit out in daily and nightly struggles for expression, until they grew faint, and one by one went to sleep in the peace of the grave. CHARLOTTE, of all that band, alone remains, to enjoy, for a brief season, the sweet recognition of the world which had been startled into an intense interest by the works of that frail hand ; and then she, too, sinks from sight forever, and the twilight of reflection gathers solemnly around the record of their wonderful lives, and their no less wonderful works.

When "Jane Eyre" first burst upon the world, it was viewed with something of terror, so fearfully conversant was it with the very mysteries of the human soul. Such baring of the heart ; such insight into the profoundest depths of the most subtle natures ; such burning, withering, annihilating dissection of social life and wrong, never before had been given to the eyes to read ; and readers touched

the book, not without awe, yet drawn closely to it by a fascination all-powerful. The critics, for awhile, were astonished into silence ; then began to murmur against the work as morbid, diseased in its passion, and supernatural in its character. Who but a *bad* person could have thus penetrated the shadows of hate, and wrong, and sin ? they said. Ah, they little guessed that "CUSMER BELL" was no man, but a frail, consumptive woman, a clergyman's daughter, who had written out her heart in those pages ! When, at length, it was discovered that a woman was the author, no words were too severe to express the "holy horrors" which some astute critics and super-pious readers felt. "Shall we recognize her," they said, "who hath shown such familiarity with sin, and shame, and suffering ?" Poor, contemptible souls ! They would have blackened the pure-hearted Charlotte with infamy, if *their* "charitable" and highly orthodox views had power for injury. But the just, throbbing heart of the public, which had been touched to tears by the sorrows and sufferings of Jane Eyre, would not allow the wrong, and "CHARLOTTE BRONTE" was exalted to a degree which few women have attained. Now that Mrs. Gaskell's book places before us the scenes and circumstances from which "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette," were drawn, and shows us that sublime woman, as she was, we worship her very deformities of taste and character, and would hardly blot them out if we could. Let her live as Jane Eyre, the child of sorrow, inhabitant of the moors, and the familiar of darkness, rather than be tainted with the perfectness which is supposed to attach to a life of luxury and peace !

We have been made familiar with another sad history, which renders deformity, if not beautiful, at least full of sympathy and pathos for us.

In a Western village was a little family composed of four members — husband, wife, and two daughters. The husband was the publisher of a paper, possessed a comfortable property, and lived gently and happily ; and his children began to grow into years with fine perceptions, acute tastes for the beautiful, and high aspirations for social and literary distinction. The mother died when the elder girl was fifteen, and the younger thirteen years of age. The blow was a sad one, indeed ; but the sisters bore up bravely under it. The father became gloomy,

retired, careless of people and business, and, finally, selling out his property, moved to the country in an out-of-the-way spot, many miles from town ; and, appropriating the best portion of the old log house of a residence to himself and his books, gave no heed to his children, and became utterly dead to their many wants, physical, social, and mental. And there these poor children were doomed to live for years, debarred all society, books, decent food and clothes, and never able to adapt themselves to such circumstances. Their days were spent in toil and privation, and their nights were given up to tears.. Jane, the eldest sister, was of a proud, defiant nature, whose spirit, though crushed, courted nor coveted sympathy, and her heart literally preyed upon itself. Eighteen found her a very beautiful woman, but a stranger to society, companionless, and daily becoming more strange in habits and tastes. She toiled, and dug, and wrought at every menial duty faithfully. Her once fine wardrobe was all exhausted, and she was literally reduced to rags, for her parent refused any but the coarsest provision for his children's necessities, and became cruel if asked for anything further. At long intervals, when Jane could no longer bear the solitude, she would come to town, though at the fear of violence from her parent ; and all wondered at the maturity of her beauty, and the splendor of her intellect, which, it was evident, was fast becoming diseased with its pent-up powers. The younger sister, Sillah, being of a less enduring nature, gave out under her trials ere she was eighteen, and married a countryman, becoming the hard-working farmer's wife, forsaking every aspiration in the daily drudgery of her, at least, peaceful home.

And so Jane was left utterly alone, to toil and care for her father, and—to grow mad ! Reason deserted its throne ; and though she, day by day, did duty faithfully, she was no longer the brilliant woman, but the "strange creation" of a harmless lunacy. In this state, dressed in antiquated garments, and mounted upon an old horse, she would occasionally visit her friends, particularly when they were sick, and would bestow upon them every kindness. Her beauty was still marked, and her mind, in many phases, very brilliant, though growing more unstable and unsound, as each year added to her age.

"Poor Jane!" every body said, when it was announced that she had committed suicide; and many were the imprecations heaped upon the father's head, who had caused such a wreck of a noble heart and richly endowed mind. "What cared he for woman's whims?" He yet lives. The rank weeds grow at will around that log-house; for the tender hand which once thrust them away, and planted flowers instead, is gone with her dear flowers to an early grave. May he live long enough to see the deformity his cruelty wrought in that beautiful child, and to ask forgiveness for the wrong; for it will be a fearful thing for him to go before God with that great sin unrepented of and unatoned for, as far as human prayers are of avail.

Who says there was not power of a fearful and touching character in the "deformity" of Jane C.?

Whether in Art, in mind, in the circumstances of life or in death, the *true* critic will not take in detail each imperfection, but rather the whole, and judge it by principles wherein divine charity is largely blended with the dicta of human reason.

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TASTE FOR THE PASTORAL.



LATE English writer says: "The accidental character of that faculty, or rather habit, of our minds, which commonly goes by the name of taste, is in nothing more distinctly marked than in the late growth and local development of that which is now considered the indispensable mark of a refined and cultivated intellect—an interest in the external aspect of Nature, a sympathy with all her various moods, and a love of *all* her scenes of beauty and of grandeur." This will apply with much force to our own country, where—

*"Nature in her noblest moods
Holds court amid her solitudes,
That shames all courts in splendor."*

Craving for the country is fast becoming a passion; and if centralization in cities is a fact, it is also true that the aggregated tens of thousands seek every opportunity for "breathing the country air," if not for "holding converse with Nature." Witness not only the constantly increasing

number of those who seek summer residences in the interior and at the watering places, but also the constant tide going to Europe for "the tour" which makes the traveler familiar with some of the grandest scenery in the world; while those who are pent up within the city are crying out for parks and open grounds where they may enjoy something of the country almost at their doors—a cry which cannot be resisted much longer, for it is growing imperative. New York answers it by purchasing hundreds of acres in its corporate limits, which are to be thrown into a magnificent park. Other cities, not already amply provided, must follow suit, since the people declare for them as a sanitary, moral, and social right.

The facilities for getting into the country are now become so admirable that few families are so poor as not to be able to get out of the city for an occasional day. Railways, ferries, stages, are all available; and daily the throng which is pressing out for the green fields is on the increase in New York, and, we doubt not, in all other large and pent up places. The laboring man, confined all the week by his necessity to provide for himself and others, appropriates the Sabbath for a holiday; and, upon that day, cars and ferries are literally crowded with recreation-seekers. It is in vain the preachers cry out, "Desecration of the Sabbath!" The day laborer, the clerk, the professional man, if he cannot get away during the working days of the week, will take the only day offered, and make his way to some favorite rendezvous; whether for good or for evil it is sometimes hard to decide—too often, we fear, for evil.

Congregated masses of pleasure-seekers breed all the vices of the Fair; hence the "trip to the country" may prove nothing more than a race for spending money and debauching morals. It becomes those having in charge the best interests of the community, to stare this new "feature" of the people in the face, and to seek, by wholesome regulations and proper influences, to render the Sabbath a day of *healthful* recreation and rest to the over-tasked and anxious-worn thousands, rather than allow it to be made a bacchanal time. We most sincerely approve of churches and preaching, and all efforts to spread the Gospel; but we cannot, at the same time, close our eyes to the fact that the people, in all cities of the Union, are yearly becoming more addicted to pleasure-

seeking on the Sabbath; hence we think efforts well directed which have for their object the correction of the evils of the weekly Hegira, and the advancement of nobler motives among those migrating to the country than mere sensuous delight and gratification. Good is best accomplished where evil exists; and if the crowding to "country resorts" on the Sabbath cannot be prevented, let the effort be to afford purer places and a more healthful atmosphere, where men, women, and children can all congregate for quiet, harmless rest. Dropping in our churches on Sabbath, and beholding half-filled seats, it has seemed to us the preacher would find his efforts better directed by following up the crowds pouring over almost every avenue to the the country; and once in their midst, to seek, by talking and example, to render the day profitable and blessed to all. If churches *cannot draw* the crowd, then churches must *go to* the crowd, if it is the purpose of the churchmen to christianize society. This seems to us the *practical* view of this question of Sunday exodus, which is fast becoming a momentous fact in the moral and social fabric of every city in this country.

When people go to the fields and woods and sea-side for physical pleasure alone, or when they congregate in crowds at such places, the "great harmonies of Nature" are no longer potent for good. Those who go into the country for contemplation, for the sweetness of its quiet and purity, for the study of its beauties, are the recipients of its blessings—and those alone. "God made the country, and man made the town." When it is to be nearer God that we pine for the green domain of field and wood, there to study Him through His works, then are we greatly befitted—then does it appear for what the fields and woods were made. The large majority of the educated, who seek the retreats of peace for health and relaxation from care, are Nature's true worshipers; and it is this class who become her interpreters. Year by year their numbers increase, until now it is the exception to find the man or woman, of any refinement and education, whose actual *love* for the pastoral is not a passion. This is a promise of good things to health, to social communion, to Art. Our people have but to encourage the taste—as the English writer prefers to call it—to counteract the madness of the times in the way of extravagance and high living. When we love the country so much